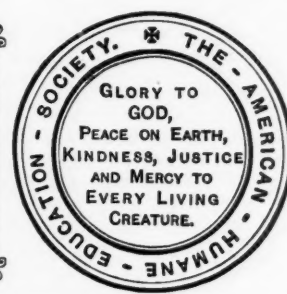


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 31.

Boston, April, 1899.

No. 11.



AN AMERICAN PALACE.

RESIDENCE OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

[Used by kind permission of "The Gentlewoman," New York City.]

TO PAY THE COST OF OUR SPANISH WAR.

We are told that the expenses of our Government for 1899 [including army and navy] will be *far greater than those of any other nation in the world*, and the question is how are we going to pay them.

Our rich men [who have great influence with Congress and the President] don't want to be taxed on their incomes, and our poorer men and women don't want to pay any larger taxes than they are now paying.

We have a plan.

Our rich girls now have to go to Europe to marry dukes, counts, etc., etc.

Now why can't we manufacture all these fellows just as well at home and keep the money here?

Suppose we make the Vanderbilts, Astors, Rockefellers, etc., who can pay a hundred millions dollars, *princes*—and the political bosses, like Croker, Platt, etc., who can pay \$10,000,000, *dukes*—and some of the smaller fry who can pay \$5,000,000, *earls*—and the still smaller who can pay \$1,000,000, *counts*.

And then we can carry the same plan

into our navy and army, making [for a fair compensation] *brevet* admirals, commanders, etc.; and in our army *brevet* generals, colonels, majors, captains, and so down, if you please, to corporals, whose wives would become Mrs. Corporals, and all the children little corporals.

It would do lots of people a sight of good to get these titles, and, as Henry Ward Beecher once said in a somewhat similar case, "*We don't believe the Lord would care much about it.*"

Why not have princes and dukes and earls and counts, and so on to the end of the chapter, as well as D.D.'s and LL.D.'s and Ph.D.'s, and so pay the cost of this Spanish war, *so far as it can be paid with money.*

To be sure, it may be said that Congress will not create these titles.

Well—we don't know.

A Democratic President and Congress proposed three years ago to rush us into a war with Great Britain about the boundary of a little piece of wild land down in South America, in which case Great Britain *could have captured* in a fortnight or so every important seaport on our Atlantic coast, and demanded and collected a thousand millions of dollars as ransom.

And now a Republican President and Congress have rushed us into this war with Spain, which will probably cost us *more than a thousand millions of dollars* before we get through. And the British Government is adding 119 new war vessels to its tremendous navy, and is about to drill its school-boys, from 13 to 18, in military tactics, and raise an army of 200,000 men in Canada to protect our *brother Christians* on the other side of the Canadian line.

How can we tell what our Congress and President may or may not do next?

Why not have *princes and dukes and earls and counts* as the European nations do, whose *imperialistic* policy our Government seems to be now trying to imitate?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE FUN OF KILLING.

Various monarchs and princes of Europe find *their fun* in penning up large numbers of harmless animals and killing them.

One ex-president of the United States finds his fun in going south to wound and kill ducks.

Another ex-president finds his fun in going up into the Adirondacks in summer and shooting [by torchlight] the beautiful and harmless deer that come down to the water to drink, and President McKinley [in his speeches] seems to forget the starvation, wounding and killing of men, women, children, horses and mules in Cuba, and those [far-off Asiatic islands] which we bought from the Spanish government for twenty millions of dollars, but which the Spanish government had no more right to sell than that other distinguished personage who took our Lord and Master up onto a high mountain and offered him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof.

In this state of the world's humane education comes up the question in Boston: How shall we contrive to teach our children to be merciful?

England is going to do it by adding to her tremendous navy 119 new warships and

training all her school boys from 13 to 18 years of age for war.

How can we do it in Boston?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NEWS FROM MANILA, MARCH 25th.

"Our casualties are estimated at 200—few killed. The insurgents have been slaughtered everywhere—whole fields are strewn with their corpses. *It was a magnificent action.*"

A REMARKABLE WAR.

Our war with Spain seems to be the most remarkable of any we have ever read of in history. The Spanish fleet at Manila was destroyed *without the loss of a single American*—and the great Spanish fleet at Santiago was destroyed with the loss of *only one American*—and according to accounts received daily it would appear that some hundreds of Filipinos are killed for every American soldier. One of our western soldiers has given his impressions of the war by saying that it appeared to him *like a Colorado rabbit drive.*

A PEACE JUBILEE AT HAVANA.

In our Boston *Evening Transcript* of March 20 we find that about forty Negro balls took place in Havana Sunday night, March 19. We also learn that at one Negro ball the police in attempting to keep order were attacked by the *Negro Cuban officers*, and four of the police were killed. These Cuban army officers are, we suppose, among those whom our government has been feeding for some months, and among whom we are now distributing *three millions of dollars.*

THE SOLDIER AND FARMER.

*I am a soldier; but who art thou
Wearily plodding after the plow?
What praise have you who toll and till?
Glory and fame are for those who kill.
What is it to garner grain from the earth?
The toiler is only of humble birth,
He dies and his name is soon forgot,
No mausoleum marks his resting spot.
He has only furnished fruit and bread
To the living; he can boast no dead
He has slain by thousands in valiant war,
To be praised and crowned a conqueror.
The plowman was shocked at this rude salute,
And stood, a moment, astonished and mute.
He gazed at the soldier in belt and sword,
Then carefully answered each boastful word.
Thou art a soldier, death is thy trade,
For murder alone thy weapons are made.
You slaughter in battle, you murder by stealth,
You never created a dollar of wealth.
You only consume, you only destroy
All commerce, all business, all peace you annoy.
Around you, before you, you spread consternation,
Behind you, is death and sad desolation.
Fond fathers and mothers weep over sons slain,
And tears of the widow are poured out like rain.
You're the curse of the world, the blight of the earth,
Groans, anguish and fear make the sum of your worth.*

DAVID B. PAGE, in "*Humanity.*"

DOES ANY OFFICER OF OUR ARMY OR NAVY.

Does any officer of our army or navy or any President of the United States deserve more the applause of the American people than the firemen, who risk their lives to save the lives of others from burning build-

ings—or our coast-guard men who risk and lose their lives to save drowning sailors—or our policemen, who risk and lose their lives in protecting the lives and property of their fellow-citizens—or our Red Cross nurses and Sisters of Charity, who risk and lose their lives on battle-fields and in the hospitals?

A GIGANTIC "BAND OF MERCY" MEETING.

A gigantic "Band of Mercy" meeting is to be held on April 28, at Kansas City, Mo. Twenty thousand Kansas City school children, all members of our "Bands of Mercy," will meet in the great Convention Hall of that city, one of the largest in the United States. A chorus of one hundred and fifty voices from the two high schools will furnish the music. Schools will enter the hall singing "Lift aloft our banner," and on reaching their seats will give their school cheers. There will be plenty of flags, and a large banner in front of the platform will be unfurled. Several distinguished gentlemen of the city will give short addresses. The hall will hold the twenty thousand school children, all of whom are members of our "Bands of Mercy." At one point in the exercises the whole twenty thousand children will rise and repeat the pledge,—"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and will try to protect them from cruel usage."

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

BOSTON, MASS., March 8, 1899.

MR. AMOS R. WELLS, Editor of "Christian Endeavor World."

My Dear Sir:—You write me that your memorial to Congress in regard to an International Tribunal of Arbitration is to be circulated very widely among the two and a half millions of Christian Endeavorers in the United States, and ask me for a few words of approval. I reply:

"Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature." Under that flag may your great and growing army of Christian Endeavorers conquer the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President "American Humane Education Society" and "Parent American Band of Mercy."

WILL NOT HESITATE.

This paper is printed in the interests of humanity for the protection of both man and dumb creatures from every form of cruelty, of which war is the greatest, most unchristian, most cruel and most devilish. It has never hesitated to attack anyone guilty of cruelty, and so long as it is under its present editorial management it never will.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE SPARROWS.

Five thousand and thirty-two friends of our Boston sparrows, including many of our most prominent citizens, signed our petitions to the Mayor that the sparrows' nests might not be destroyed.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

Over thirty-six thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance Associations*, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

THE CZAR'S PEACE CONGRESS AND QUEEN WILHELMINA.

We see that the Peace Congress proposed by the Czar of Russia is to be held at the Hague, Holland, and that the young Queen Wilhelmina has been strongly urged to do everything in her power to help secure a Court of Arbitration which shall prevent in the future wars between all civilized nations, or if that is not possible, then to secure a Court of Arbitration of Russia and the smaller European powers—Holland, Norway, Sweden, Belgium and Switzerland—which may be joined in time by the greater powers. We think this is a magnificent scheme for peace, and if only the smaller powers will enter into it it will have great weight in preventing conflicts between the larger. It seems to us that in the world's history no better plan has ever been proposed to hasten the coming of "Peace on earth, good will to men"—and incidentally to all the lower creatures who depend on man's mercy.

It is a pleasure to us to know that this conference is to be held in Holland, where many thousands of our humane publications translated into the Dutch language have already been circulated and our "Bands of Mercy" founded. We sincerely trust that all our American "Bands of Mercy" [Protestant and Catholic] on this continent and South America, in European countries and in Asia and Africa may do everything in their power to forward this grand movement, and that all the hosts of Christian Endeavorers and Epworth Leagues and Christian churches of all denominations all over the world may do everything in their power to insure its success.

SAN FRANCISCO WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

We have on this March 4th a most interesting letter from Mrs. Maria Freeman Gray, president of the San Francisco Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in which she most heartily endorses our suggestion that whenever war threatens, every Christian wife and mother in our country shall wear some emblem of mourning until the danger is past. She says,—"I feel that to my white ribbon and "Band of Mercy" badge I must also add a black ribbon to show that I am in mourning for the terrible war now being waged by my countrymen. It is awful to contemplate and God only knows the outcome. Not only has the blood of thousands of human beings been spilled, but hundreds and possibly thousands of noble horses and mules were shipped from San Francisco to Manila



NELLIE MCHENRY'S PET.

From photograph by Elmer Chickering. Used by permission of the "Boston Sunday Journal."

for the army's use, and some weeks ago our generals telegraphed that *nearly all of them had died*. My heart aches as I receive this despatch, for I thought how those poor beasts must have suffered on that *seven thousand mile ocean trip*, only to sicken and die at its close if not before. *All this in the name of Christianity*. Thank God there are still many noble, true men and women who dare to boldly and unflinchingly oppose this business with its train of evils."

Among the above Mrs. Gray mentions David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, and Mr. John J. Valentine, President of Wells, Fargo & Company, who says that at the rate we are now travelling the year 1899 will probably show for administering the affairs of the government a budget in excess of any nation in the world, and that the outlay for pensions, army and navy combined, will alone approximate three hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

RUSKIN ON WOMEN AND WAR.

Mr. Ruskin, at the close of a lecture on war, made the following remarks to the ladies present: "Only by your command, or by your permission, can any war take place among us. And the real final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle through Europe is simply that you women, however good and religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your immediate circles. Let every Christian woman who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn for His killed creatures. Let every lady in the happy classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, and I tell you again no war would last a week."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, April, 1899.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

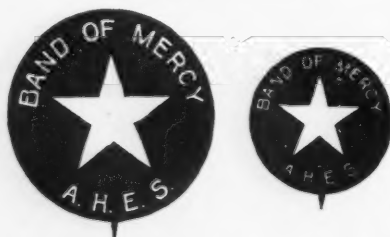
SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones. GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month six hundred and fifty new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of thirty-six thousand five hundred and eighty-one.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, *five for ten cents*, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than *five*.

HUMANE EDUCATION AND PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The annual meetings of the "American Humane Education Society" and "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" were held March 28.

The Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has during the year dealt with twenty-one thousand nine hundred and seventy-three cases, taken one thousand six hundred and sixty-seven horses from work, and mercifully killed two thousand two hundred and forty-eight horses and other animals. The American Humane Education Society has during the year formed and caused to be formed in the United States, British America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and various of the larger ocean islands, four thousand one hundred and sixty-seven "Bands of Mercy," making a total of thirty-six thousand one hundred and forty-eight "Bands."

THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We think this a good time to send to all our "Bands of Mercy" the Gettysburg speech of the great-hearted, humane President Lincoln, whose name will go down through all history side by side with Washington.

It may be said that everybody knows President Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. So everybody knows [or ought to know] the Lord's prayer, but it does no harm to repeat it every day.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this."

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

"God give us men. A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands; Men who possess opinions and a will, Tall men, sun-crowned who live above the fog In public duty and in private thinking. Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps. God give us men!"

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, AND HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In our morning's mail of February 28th we were glad to receive a letter from H. C. Haselden, General Secretary of the Auckland Sunday School Union [which includes many thousands of children] for our literature to aid in forming "Bands of Mercy" in the Auckland Sunday Schools; also two letters from the Sandwich Islands with similar orders for literature and proposals to form "Bands of Mercy" there.

Defeat may be victory in disguise.

YUCATAN.

We are glad to learn that [as one of the results of our circulation of our Spanish edition of "Black Beauty"] a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has recently been formed in Yucatan.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, March 4, 1899.

MR. GEORGE T. ANGELL.

Dear Sir:—I have the pleasure to enclose you herewith New York exchange for five dollars to aid in the good work which you have so bravely undertaken and are so successfully carrying on in the interests of dumb animals, a work in which you have my deepest sympathy and very best wishes.

Yours very respectfully,

LORENZO SNOW.

OUR "BAND OF MERCY" ORGANIZERS.

Our Massachusetts "Band of Mercy" organizer, Mr. Leach, has been at work during the past month in Salem, Newburyport and Woburn, forming one hundred and forty new "Bands of Mercy," and our Western "Band of Mercy" organizer, Mr. Hubbard, has been at work in Illinois and Indiana, forming two hundred and twenty-three new "Bands of Mercy."

Since the Cuban war there seems to be a growing inclination in this country to kill somebody or something.

A KIND LETTER.

Among the kind letters we are receiving almost daily it is a pleasure to us on March 3d to receive one from our good and most highly esteemed friend, A. S. Pratt, President of the Washington, D. C., Humane Society, closing thus: "I trust, dear sir, you are well, and I pray God to keep you so and spare your life until you feel your work is accomplished."

HOW WOULD YOU MANAGE THE FILIPINOS, MR. ANGELL?

Answer—When in college it became our duty to teach a winter school, from which several masters had been turned out.

Just before we took the school we bought a few dollars' worth of large sized letter paper of a variety of beautiful colors, and on the first day of the school proposed to present each week to each scholar with whom we had no occasion to find fault during the week a number of sheets of this paper, sufficient to give every pupil at the close of the winter a beautiful album. We had no difficulty with that school, and at its close received valuable presents from the scholars, and the school committee by unanimous vote presented us a considerable balance of school money remaining in the treasury.

Kindness was better than fighting, and we should not wonder if the same rule would hold good with the Filipinos.

"Do unto others as you would be done unto" is a good rule for nations as well as individuals.

AMERICA IN MANILA.

In a recent dispatch to the Associated Press from Manila, we find that about three hundred liquor saloons have been opened there since American occupation.

THE WAR AGAINST THE SPARROWS.

About ten years ago I was summoned to the State House to speak for the sparrow. It was proposed, *First*, to make it a criminal offence to feed a sparrow. To this I said that I had been talking sixty-one days to the children in our Boston High, Normal, Latin, and Grammar schools, and advising them among other things to make themselves and the birds happier by feeding them in winter; and before enacting the proposed law it would be well to estimate how many jails it would require to hold all the children who might feed the birds. *Second*, it was proposed to pay a bounty on all sparrows killed. To this I said that the danger of shooting all kinds of birds would be very great, and that possibly not only birds might be shot, but cats, dogs, cattle, horses, and possibly human beings might be in considerable danger, and that if poison was used it might be still worse for many of the smaller domestic animals, and perhaps would not be advisable for members of the Legislature for some time afterwards to order birds on toast at our restaurants. I told of the service the sparrows had rendered as scavengers in our city, and in annihilating worms. The proposed law did not pass, and the sparrows from that time to this have lived in peace. But recently I learned that certain persons have been actively engaged in a crusade to destroy the sparrows in our city, and that our Mayor was giving orders [as a beginning] for the destruction of their nests.

I at once wrote [in substance] the following to our daily *Evening Transcript*, in which paper it appeared the same evening:

THE SPARROW.

When many years ago I landed in Ireland, on my way to Scotland, England, and the Continent, the first thing I told my Irish guide was that I wanted to see an English robin. He replied that they didn't have any English robins in Ireland; they were all Irish robins.

I think I should properly say that what we call the English sparrow is not the English sparrow at all, but a bird which is found all over Europe, and perhaps over a large part of Asia, and has been so found since the days of Christ, and perhaps some thousands of years before Christ appeared on earth.

The sparrow was first brought to this country to destroy the loathsome worms which swarmed in the trees of our cities. The sparrows annihilated them, and we have not had them in our cities to any considerable extent since, though if the sparrows were all killed very probably we might have them again. The sparrows in our cities are at present among our best scavengers, picking up all manner of refuse in the streets, which might endanger public health, and a good many thousands of children have, first and last, obtained much happiness by feeding them on cold winter days when the ground has been covered with snow.

In regard to the methods proposed for destroying them, if poison is used there will be much danger that rats will eat the poisoned birds and go into some of our houses to die. There will be considerable danger also that cats will be poisoned from eating them, and perhaps stray dogs, and suffer a very painful death, and it is not impossible that some of these poisoned birds may find their way into some of our restaurants. If, on the other hand, it is proposed to kill them by shooting, then a good many other birds will be likely to be shot, and perhaps some cats, dogs, cattle, horses, and possibly human beings.

It has been charged that sparrows kill other birds. I do not believe anybody ever saw any other bird that had been killed by a sparrow. I have received many letters from people who tell me that sparrows live happily with other birds, and that where there are no sparrows other birds are quite as scarce as in places where the sparrows live. My impression is that the scarcity of song birds is caused by the bird-hunters who kill them for millinery purposes and for food. I have before me at this moment a letter just received from a gentleman who says that he saw in New Orleans in one morning more than one hundred dead robins offered for sale by a colored boy.

Another point worth considering is that the sparrows eat many moths, millers and microbes before the other birds get here in the spring, and continue eating them to a greater or less extent through the summer. I think the Almighty created the sparrows for a good purpose and that they are useful, and I feed them every day in winter when I think they need food.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In response came promptly to my office hundreds of letters for the sparrows. Finding that the sparrows were likely to be destroyed unless active efforts were made for their defence, I sent out petitions or remonstrances to the Mayor, in their behalf, which up to this

writing have been signed by more than four thousand persons, many of them being among our largest taxpayers and most highly respected citizens, and all our daily newspapers have given many columns to the subject. Finding on March 13th that the Mayor had issued peremptory orders for the destruction of all sparrows' nests on the Common, I sent him by special messenger the following letter:

BOSTON, MASS., 19 Milk St.,
March 13, 1899.

Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, Mayor of Boston:

At the request of many people, including not a few of Boston's best citizens, I would respectfully ask that action against sparrows and their nests may be postponed a few days, to enable us to put before you evidence showing the sparrow to be a benefit and not an injury to our city. With kind wishes,

Very respectfully,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

To this letter he replied, *in substance*, that while the killing of the sparrows would be postponed until fall, yet his officers would proceed at once to destroy the nests. Next day, March 14, I sent him the following letter:

BOSTON, MASS., 19 Milk St.,
March 14, 1899.

Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, Mayor of Boston:

My Dear Sir,—Kindly permit me to say that I am receiving a very large number of letters in favor of the sparrow, in some of which I find what seems to be reliable evidence that the sparrows do eat insects, and do not drive away other birds from our city streets to the country. This evidence is accumulating with every mail, and I intend to have an abstract prepared of it as soon as possible after the present rush is over. In the meantime, if you will kindly send your secretary to my office I shall be glad to have him take from these letters such evidence as he thinks you might like. I am with kind wishes,

Very respectfully,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Finding that by order of the Mayor thousands of sparrows' nests with their eggs were being destroyed, I petitioned him for a hearing, which was commenced on March 17th, and is to be continued on March 22d, and obtained the kind services of Frank Paul, Esq., to represent our societies at the hearing. I also wrote the Mayor the following letter, which was distributed at the crowded hearing on March 17 [some three hundred or more gentlemen and ladies being present]:

BOSTON, MASS., 19 Milk St.,
March 16, 1899.

Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, Mayor of Boston.

My Dear Sir,—Kindly permit me to suggest that the present question is not in regard to the value of sparrows outside the city of Boston. The only question before your honor now is whether the sparrows are clearly proved to do so much more harm than good in the city of Boston that it is necessary to destroy their nests and young now, and the parent birds, so far as possible, afterwards.

In 1869 and 1870 I was for over a year traveling in Europe, and think the sparrows in all the cities I visited were probably as numerous as here, and I never heard any complaint in regard to them.

In my (Chambers') Encyclopedia I find that sparrows eat "vast numbers of insects and their larvae," and during the past few days there has come to my table from persons in and about Boston much similar evidence. As regards our city it seems clear;

- (1) That they are the only birds we have in winter.
- (2) That they did in the past give great assistance in clearing our city of caterpillars and cankerworms.
- (3) That they do excellent work as scavengers, both summer and winter.
- (4) That they give much pleasure to thousands of our children and older people, both summer and winter. [We have already more than two thousand five hundred names on our petitions.]
- (5) That if they do drive out any other birds they drive them into the country, where they are more needed than here.

And (6) That they were probably created by the Almighty for a useful purpose, and if so, have the same right to live that we have. With kind wishes,

Very respectfully,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

At the first hearing I proposed to have the destruction of the sparrows' nests postponed until the next city election, and then the citizens of Boston be permitted to vote whether the sparrows should be destroyed or not. This proposition was not accepted, and it was urged that the citizens could not vote on the subject without the permission of the Legislature.



HOW THEY TREAT THE SPARROWS IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN IN WINTER.

I think it very easy to put the proposition in a form on which every Boston voter can vote, without the slightest objection.

As the matter stands at this writing, some five hundred people have signed a petition against the sparrows, and more than four thousand [from some of whom I have received hundreds of letters] have signed remonstrances in their favor, and after the hearings are concluded it will be for the Mayor to decide, and in our May issue I shall be able to publish his decision.

I should add that our able counsel, Frank Paul, Esq., freely gave his valuable services to our Society, refusing any pay for the same.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE DANGER OF KILLING THE SPARROWS.

There is a vast amount of the spirit of killing in our country to-day.

If we set all the children and youth of America to killing the sparrows, it may do a thousand times more harm in the future to our country and the world than the sparrows have ever done since the Almighty created them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THEY SEE DIFFERENTLY.

There is one class of minds who consider a Christian spirit about sparrows to be simply hysterics.

There is another class who pity the poor creatures on our cold, wind-swept Common, despoiled of their nests and young—the cold sleet beating them about, and no place apparently on God's earth where the hand of man is not against them.

"BOSTON" HERALD ON THE SPARROW.

The Washington special correspondent of the *Boston Herald* fills nearly half a page against the sparrow, but says that Massachusetts may spend a hundred millions of dollars in sparrow slaughter, and in half-a-dozen years the birds would be as numerous as ever.

Near the close of his article we are glad to find this:—

"To do it justice, the sparrow has several notably good qualities. Its diligence is marvelous. The male sparrow *has but one wife*, who lays his eggs for him and keeps the nest at home. *After marriage* a couple of sparrows lose no time in setting up house-keeping.

"But the most prominent trait of a sparrow's character is the unsurpassed attachment of the parent sparrows for their offspring. *A sparrow never deserts its brood*. If one of the parents is killed, the other will do all the work alone. If a young one happens to fall down from a lofty nest it is not lost; the parents feed it, shelter and defend it. If a young sparrow is taken from the nest and placed in a cage, *the mother feeds it for days and weeks, even if she has to enter a room to get to it.*"

I AM SORRY.

I am sorry—very sorry to learn that because I have thought it my duty to speak a kind word for the sparrow, certain of those opposed to him have *determined to never give our humane societies another dollar to aid our work.*

Years ago when, after the longest hearing at the State House of the whole winter, we succeeded in obtaining a law which has forever banished from our State the cruel practice of shooting pigeons from traps for sport, one of the three distinguished lawyers who represented the pigeon shooters told me that if we insisted on the passage of that law *we should ruin our Society.*

As our readers know, he was mistaken.

During the past year our Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' officers have dealt with *twenty-one thousand nine hundred and seventy-three cases*, taken *one thousand six hundred and sixty-seven* horses from work, and mercifully killed *two thousand two hundred and forty-eight* horses and other animals, and our American Humane Education Society has formed and caused to be formed in the United States, British America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and various of the larger ocean islands, four thousand one hundred and sixty-seven of our American Bands of Mercy, making a total of *thirty-six thousand one hundred and forty-eight* Bands, and has printed in a single year over *one hundred and seventeen millions of pages* of humane literature—a larger number of pages than all our humane societies combined throughout the entire world have printed in similar time [with the possible exception of the Royal of England].

I shall be very sorry if the kind words I have thought it my duty to say for the sparrow shall lessen our power to protect any of God's lower creatures.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow upon others is reflected back.

"Blessed are the Merciful: for they shall obtain Mercy."

WHAT ARE THE CHARGES AGAINST THE SPARROW?

[Sent in for the sparrow hearings.]

The charges 'gainst sparrow must be very grave,
To cause wise officials his slaughter to crave.
So we, sparrow's friends, have assembled to hear
What crimes he's committed, to cause so much fear.

We will not defend him,
Should real crimes be named,
But help you to end him,
If guilty, as blamed.

If sparrow is chattering words that are vile,
So boys may be tempted to ape his bad style,
And even grown men may, if sparrow remain,
Acquire the base habit of language profane.

Then we will, most gladly,
Assist you to foil
Result which so sadly
Our men-folks would spoil.

If sparrow's addicted to tipping the slops,
Oft spilled on the ground near the alcohol shops
To lure, by their odor, those customers back,
Whose power to resist such temptation is slack,
He might as well vanish,
It reckes not how soon,
Unless we can banish
Man's foe—the saloon.

If, having contracted the nicotine craze,
He saunters the streets with his bill all ablaze,
And vents on the sidewalks mal-odorous juice,
Till they are unfit for pedestrian use,

Then we will not hinder
Your purpose to slay,
But grind him to cinder
Whenever you say!

If none of these habits against him are charged,
(On which you observe we have somewhat enlarged),
Then since all these things are allowed to exist,
What could we have done that is worse, we insist?

LORIN LUDLOW.

WHAT THE SPARROWS THEMSELVES SAY.

What have we sparrows done, that we are fed
By those we deemed our friends with poisoned bread?

You sent for us that we should be your guests,
We came to you from far across the sea,
We made our home with you, and built our nests
On column, cornice, portico and tree,
And dwelt in the new country trustingly,
Having no thought of danger or of dread.

What have we sparrows done, that we are fed
By those we deemed our friends on poisoned bread?

We had no fear to flock in any street,
Within your doorways we were brave to come.
We confidently hopped before your feet
To take the offered grain or seed or crumb.
What if we are a little troublesome?
Is it for such slight cause you wish us dead?

What have we sparrows done, that we are fed
By those we deemed our friends with poisoned bread?

Hear ye: For every bird ye bring to evil,
For every sparrow slain within your street,
Shall come to judge you Hessian fly and weevil,
The caterpillar weave a winding sheet,
And measuring worms your punishment shall mete
Until peccavi ye have plainly said.

WHAT WM. ELLERY CHANNING SAID.

"Thanks to my stars I can say I never killed a bird. They have the same right to life that I have. They received it from the same Father."

WHAT PRESIDENT LINCOLN DID.

President Lincoln, one morning, found that a robin's nest, containing three little robins, had been knocked off an evergreen tree near the White House by a careless cab-driver. Kneeling on the ground and putting the birds back in the nest he replaced it, saying: "These birds are helpless, and I'll make them happy again."

THE SPARROW.

I have seen him on the thatch roof of the Irish cottier, amid the turrets of Notre Dame, in the dirty alleyways that lead from Italian streets, and among the snowdrifts of the north, and always with a love I could not curb. He was oftentimes dirty, ragged and smoke-dyed, but one quality he always possessed, and that was manliness. He was sufficient for himself. Wherever met he was on easy terms with his surroundings. He seems above all birds insensible to fear. An old soldier once told, in my hearing, that during a hard-fought battle where the artillery was much in evidence the sparrows continued their chattering as if there was neither danger nor wonderment nigh.—From Weekly Boquet.

THE EGYPTIAN CAPTAIN.

Some years ago an Englishman was coming down the River Nile, in Egypt, on a large boat loaded with grain, and the birds came off from every village and eat the grain piled on the deck. The Englishman asked the Egyptian captain of the boat, "Who owns this grain?" and the Egyptian captain said, "I own it." Then the Englishman asked him why he let the birds eat up the grain. Then the Egyptian asked the Englishman, "Who made the birds?" and the Englishman answered, "God." Then the Egyptian asked whether grain was a food which God intended birds to eat, and the Englishman said it was. Then the Egyptian said, "Let them eat and be satisfied, for God in his goodness has provided enough for all his creatures."—From Angell's Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

THE SEAGULL AND THE FISHERMAN.

In the fishing village of Auchmithie you may frequently witness seagulls flying into the houses of the fishermen and partaking of food from their hands. One of these sea-birds was in the habit of staying in a fisherman's house all the year round except at the breeding season, when it left. About a fortnight ago, while the gull was away, the fisherman removed his home, distant some three and a half miles from the former place. The fisherman never expected to see his old friend the gull again. It was, therefore, much to his astonishment that he beheld on a recent Sunday the sea-bird come walking into his new residence with stately steps to resume his old familiarities and household ways. Query: Was there not a spiritual bond between the two friends, created by mutual affection, something more than was conferred on the gull by senses of sight and hearing, or even instinct in its usual acceptance?—GEO. NICOLSON, in London Spectator.

MISSIONARY WORK IN SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, AND VARIOUS OTHER PLACES.

We are very glad to receive on March 22d a letter from our old friend, the Hon. John Eaton, Director of Public Instruction for the Island of Porto Rico, to whom we have recently sent (with funds given us for the purpose) 500 copies of our Spanish "Black Beauty" for distribution among teachers of public schools.

We have also recently sent a considerable number for public schools in Parral, Chihuahua, Mexico, and for school distribution in Aguas Calientes, Mexico, and also a variety of humane literature to Merida, Yucatan, Mexico.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

A "Boston Gazette" writer tells that a lady was traveling from Providence to Boston with her weak-minded father. Before they arrived there, he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion; that some absolute duty called him. His daughter endeavored to quiet him, but it was difficult to do it, and she was just giving up in despair when she noticed a very large man watching the proceeding intently over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eyes he rose and crossed quickly to her. "I beg your pardon," he said. "You are in trouble. May I help you?" As soon as he spoke she felt perfect trust in him. She explained the situation to him. "What is your father's name?" he asked.

She told him, and with an encouraging smile he bent over the gentleman who was sitting in front of her, and said a few words in his ear. With a smile, the gentleman arose, crossed the aisle and took the vacant seat, and the next moment the large man had turned over the seat, and, leaning toward the troubled old man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged him in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged to keep his mind occupied, that he forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston. Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage; received her assurance that she felt perfectly safe, had cordially shaken her hand, and was about to close the carriage door when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble-looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door she said: "Pardon me, but you have rendered me such a service may I not know whom I am thanking?" The big man smiled as he answered, "Phillips Brooks," and turned away.

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

*I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door—
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.*

*A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking—my toil will soon be o'er;*

I'm kneeling at the threshold—my hand is on the door.

*Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine of the far-off, sinless land.
Oh, would that I were with them, amid the shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.*

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;

*One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;*

*How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done!
With them the blessed angels, that knew no grief or sin.*

*I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure—Thy time and way are best;*

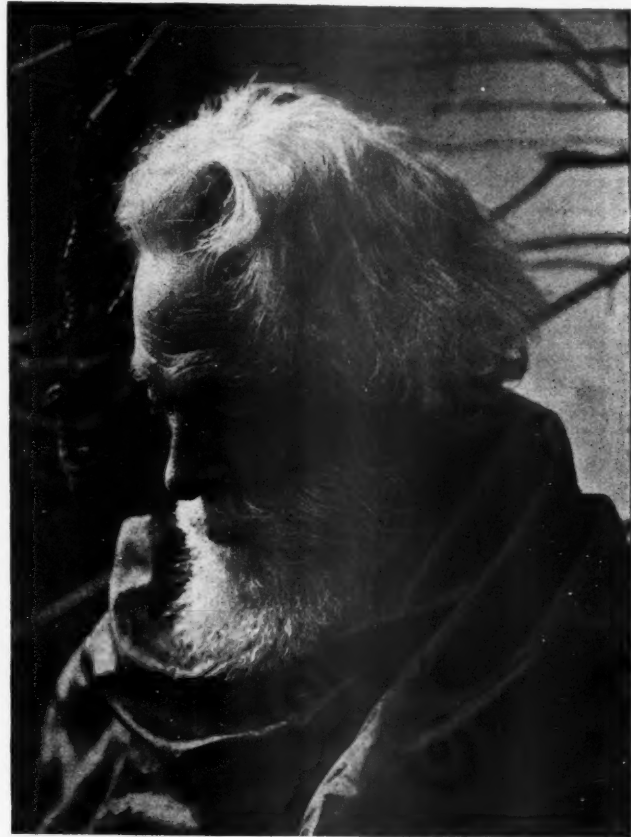
But I'm wasted, worn and weary; O, Father, bid me rest.

W. L. ALEXANDER, in "Christian at Work."

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of men breathe, move, live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument that the storm of time will not destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

The more we read of the terrible consequences of this unnecessary war the more we feel that if there isn't a hell for somebody there ought to be.



THOUGHT—WISDOM—STRENGTH

From "The Tabula," Torrington, Conn., High School.

[The kind of men we want in Congress.]

WHAT GEORGE WASHINGTON SAID.

"My first wish is to see this plague to mankind (war) banished from the earth, and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in preparing implements and exercising them for the destruction of mankind."

A WITTY PEASANT.

A thunder-storm overtook the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria when out shooting in 1873 with old Emperor William of Germany and Victor Emmanuel. The three monarchs got separated from their party and lost their way. They were drenched to the skin, and, in search of shelter, hailed a peasant driving a covered cart drawn by oxen along the high road. The peasant took up the royal trio and drove on.

"And who may you be, for you are a stranger in these parts?" he asked after awhile of Emperor William.

"I am the Emperor of Germany," replied his Teutonic majesty.

"Ha, very good," said the peasant, and then, addressing Francis Joseph, "And you, my friend?"

"Why, I am the King of Italy," came the prompt reply.

"Ha, ha, very good indeed! And who are you?" addressing Francis Joseph.

"I am the Emperor of Austria," said the latter.

The peasant then scratched his head, and said with a knowing wink, "Very good, and who do you suppose I am?"

Their majesties replied they would like very much to know.

"Why, I am His Holiness the Pope."

Carlyle, Goethe and Sir Walter Scott placed the Bible above all other books as an inspirer of the intellect.

A BIRD'S NEST.

Over my shaded doorway,
Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling
And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
Their eyes are like living gems;
And all day long they are busy
Gathering straws and stems,
Lint and feathers and grasses,
And half forgetting to eat,
Yet never failing to warble,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the door-step,
And fling them some flossy threads;
They fearlessly gather my bounty,
And turn up their graceful heads,
And chatter and dance and flutter,
And scrape with their tiny feet,
Telling me over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded?

What if the rain come down?

They are all dressed to meet it.

In water-proof suits of brown.

They never mope nor languish,

Nor murmur at storm or heat,

But, say, whatever the weather,

"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

FLORENCE PERCY.

Mr. Hoffman, at the Institute of Technology yesterday afternoon, closed his interesting series of lectures on birds. As to the English sparrow, he said he did not think those who held that it had diminished the song-birds had made out their case. He had repeatedly seen the sparrow feeding with native birds. He thought it debasing to encourage the useless slaughter of birds.—Boston Herald, March 26th.

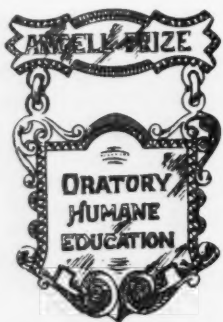
ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."



We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools or Sunday schools are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

It is a splendid and easy way to raise money.

We have a book of 192 pages describing the plan and containing beautiful selections to be used by the speakers and reciters in these contests, which our "American Humane Education Society" sends to those who are going to contest, on receipt of six cents in postage stamps to pay postage; and to all others for sixteen cents in postage stamps, which is precisely what they cost us with postage.

Every school taking part wants to attend, so do parents and friends; good music is added and a full audience is insured, and a very enthusiastic one, for every school of course cheers its champion, and for a week after, the merits of what was said and how it was said will be discussed, not only by children but by parents.

As before stated, these prize contests have been already recommended by the Master of the National Grange for all the Granges of our country—also by the National Superintendent of the Department of Mercy of the W. C. T. U., to be adopted by that organization all over the country, and they have attracted notice from the press as far off as London and Australia.

We have already many orders for both books and medals, and on our table are interesting accounts of their success in various cities and towns.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also Mr. Angell's Autobiography, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 75 cents at office, or 80 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE."

On the first day of issuing this book we had over a hundred orders for it, some of them for fifty and twenty-five copies.

"PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

We acknowledge from various friends donations to aid us in the gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which everyone reads with pleasure, and having read wants everybody else to read.

To those who wish to buy it the price for our edition is ten cents, and Mrs. Carter's cloth-bound edition, for which the publisher's price is one dollar, we are permitted to sell at seventy-five cents, or post-paid eighty cents.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In moving out of town don't forget your cat.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address Art and Natural Study Publishing Co., Providence, R. I.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition. If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
- (2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
- (3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4.) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

On account of the crowded condition of our columns we must omit publishing our NEW Bands of Mercy until they reach 1,000, then publish them. We published 1,000 last month. The present number to March 1 is 36,148.

Cases investigated by our Boston Officers in February.

Whole number dealt with, 2314; animals taken from work, 34; horses and other animals mercifully killed, 100.

NEIL BURGESS, THE ACTOR, AND HIS HORSE DANDY.

"Yes, dear old fellow, he's gone," was the response, and Mr. Burgess' face, which had been lighted up with a genial smile, for which he is noted, became suddenly grave. "Yes, I believe if ever a human being died of joy that grand old horse did. It is no exaggeration to say that horse possessed about every human instinct and faculty but the power of speech. You see, I hadn't seen him for over two years, and I hastened to do so as soon as possible after I got back from England, a few weeks ago. As soon as he heard my voice, he uttered a loud whinny of joy. He rubbed his nose against my cheek, and as he did so I could feel that his whole frame was quivering with a nervous tremor. He lapped my hand and then rubbed my cheek again; and then, all of a sudden he sank to the floor at my side and expired almost before I could stoop to caress him. It was a terrible shock to me.

"I could talk an hour about the wonderful intelligence of that horse, but I presume the general public would not feel the interest that I do."—*Boston Herald, March 5th.*

A DOG'S DEVOTION.

An illustration of the devotion of animals occurred recently, the chief actors being the two dogs of C. P. Pitkin, one an Irish and the other an English setter, says the *Montpelier Argus*. The dogs are devoted to each other, and are together almost continually. Last Saturday the Irish setter went on the ice on the river behind Mr. Pitkin's residence and broke through when near the opposite side, being precipitated into the water. The animal made desperate efforts to get out, but the ice continued to break on the edge under its paws every time it attempted to climb out. In this way the dog moved to near the centre of the river, where the swift current commenced to draw it under the ice. When the dog broke into the river the English setter appeared to be greatly disturbed, and when it failed to get out rushed up and down, evidently trying to devise some plan for a rescue. When, however, the dog commenced to be drawn under the ice the English setter set up a heart-breaking howl and ran to the barn, where George Fitzgerald was at work, and barking and evidently trying to tell him to follow, at last got him to the river bank, where he saw what had happened and pulled out the other animal from the river. When the Irish setter reached the shore the other barked and made the most extravagant demonstrations of joy, lapping the other and plainly showing that it realized the danger from which the other had escaped and its thankfulness therefor.

AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.

Under an old piazza floor, the boards loosened by long usage, and the foundation rotted by years of service, a family of toads spend the summer months. Each evening after sunset, when the twilight shades are falling, I take my banjo and sitting in the big piazza chair play softly to myself.

By-and-by a head pops out of a crevice, two bright eyes look around, and a big awkward body follows; another and another soon join the company, and there they sit in a solemn row winking their black bead-like eyes at me.

HE SAVED THEM.

[From N. Y. Sun.]

The schooner went ashore off San Buenaventura, Cal., the other day, and the crew were in danger of being lost. They owe their safety to a fine red Irish setter that swam out through the breakers, seized a stake that had been thrown overboard with a rope attached, and succeeded in carrying it to the shore.



Night after night the performance is repeated, and each time the audience is forthcoming, and sits in silent dignity to the end of my concert. J. E. B.

GOOD REFERENCE.

A LAWYER.

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference to present.

"I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, despondently; "however, I'll try to appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others there quite as cleanly; another glance, however, showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment; "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took a pen and wrote his name.

"Very well, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now what references have you?"

The dreaded question, at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

"I haven't any," he said, slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I haven't any references," he said, with hesitation, "but here's a letter from mother I just received. I wish you would read it."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:

MY DEAR JOHN,—I want to remind you that wherever you find work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon, but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go.

You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say I have never known you to shirk. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts.

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice. I rather think I'll try you, even without the references."

John has been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John; he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer heartily.

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.

Sacred Heart Review.

ONE DOCKED HORSE.

We find in the *Buffalo Horse World* of Dec. 23d, 1898, this:

"I saw her at the excavation of a great reservoir one June afternoon when the giant labors of mighty digging were in full swing and hundreds of men, the hundreds of horses, the donkey engines, the steam scoop, the hurry, the swelter, the enormous toil of that great undertaking filled all the air.

She was harnessed to a road-shovel beside a placid cart horse who plodded by her frenzied stride and whose hairy nose lagged permanently at the middle of her foaming neck. Her stretched scarlet nostrils were smeared with sweat and clay; every vein was corded beneath her thin, quivering skin, and her delicate ears started for the brutal voice of the ex-tramp whose unaccustomed hand bore on the bit between her sensitive jaws. I paused and gazed sadly upon her eager, superhuman efforts to perform the impossible, to pull more than she could—and I saw that her tail was but a poor stump which, docked and nicked into a five-inch mutilation, twisted incessantly, with pitiful, semi-spasmodic brushings, in futile effort to reach some of the clusters of greenhead flies which leisurely fed upon the tender skin of her inner flank.

I drew near the heavy-faced rough who held the reins, as the high-bred creature, with a frantic struggle, dragged shovel, pole-mate and driver through a dirt heap and stood trembling and panting with beating flanks and shaking knees, whisking violently the deformed stump which occupied the place of the superb fly brush provided for her by nature.

As the flies gathered comfortably over her blood-speckled body the poor thing fixed upon my pitying face such a look of desper-

ate misery that it has remained like a rough splinter in my unwilling memory ever since.

It moved me to immediate utterance. I said to the man who drove her:

'It's pretty hard on that brown horse having no tail.'

'You mean the flies a eatin' on her?' he inquired as he roughly snatched her rein and she leaped around as if an electric shock had passed through her.

'Yes,' I returned, 'I wish the man who cut it off could see her now.'

He jerked his team back, straightened his shovel, paused and gazed attentively upon the object of my solicitude who danced upon her crippled knees, fretting to be off.

'Well, it does look like *she was kinder in hell here*, don't it?' he replied, and was snatched unevenly away, hanging to his taut reins.

I stood looking after the broken down thoroughbred among the crowded hubbub, and my imagination wandered away from this scene of raw turmoil to the Kentucky plantation where she was foaled. I saw in this miserable spectacle of man's cruelty the superb young aristocrat of those lush meadows and sunny uplands. I thought of her great beauty, her high lineage, her speed, her endurance, and of the gentleness and skill with which her proud spirit was bent to bit and shaft; of the kindness, the comfort of those happy years."

Massachusetts has the first law prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

Walter M. James, M.D., Editor of the *Homœopathic Physician*, Philadelphia:—"I am uncompromisingly opposed to vivisection of animals, as very little knowledge is gained by it, and it is a shocking outrage upon the animal creation. The value of medicines in the cure of disease can be determined only by trying them upon healthy human beings, to determine their scope and sphere of action. To make tests upon animals, either to arrive at a conclusion as to the value of drugs or to solve some question of physiology, is an unspeakable outrage upon them, and does not afford the information sought."

Geo. H. Clark, M.D., Germantown, Pa.:—"In my humble opinion vivisection should be defined: A silly practice masquerading under the name of science; a libel upon science, degrading to those who practice it; of no practical value; and it should have the hearty condemnation of every humane person."

C. Carleton Smith, M.D., Philadelphia:—"I am unalterably opposed to vivisection. This cruelty which is carried on in the name of Science, falsely so called, and from which no good can possibly result, is simply, in my estimation, damnable. And being such, it is my further belief that the individuals engaged in this work ought in some way to be held to a strict accountability for the tortures inflicted upon our dumb animals."

James Tyler Kent, M.D., Dean of the Post Graduate School of Homœopathics, Philadelphia:—"I have always openly opposed vivisection before my classes as useless, cruel and inhuman."

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" I offer *One Thousand Dollars* for evidence to convict ten persons in Massachusetts of violation of our State law by *cruel vivisection*—namely, *One Hundred Dollars* for evidence in each case.

"Blessed are the merciful."

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

In addition to the immense circulation of *Our Dumb Animals* elsewhere, we have ordered it sent regularly to every normal school in the United States.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

I know you have often wondered why I think so much of this big, ugly old dog, and always let him have a warm corner by the fireside. Poor fellow! He deserves all the kindness I can give him, for under Providence he saved my life.

Fifteen years after John and I were married he lost his health, and the doctors said nothing would restore it so quickly as the native air of Leigh. So we sold our shop and stock and bought a farm and some cottage property in Leigh. The change was beneficial, and in a year John was as stout and hearty as ever. There was little for him to do here, and he soon began to get discontented. We staid three years in Leigh and then sold our property for \$600 more than we paid for it, and bought the shop where we now are, and where we have done well.

The day that John came over here to arrange about this shop, the money for the Leigh property was paid us. I wanted John to take the money with him, but he thought it would be safer at home, and he locked it up in the drawer of an old desk that had belonged to my husband's mother.

After John had left me I began to get very uneasy about the money. It was getting well on into the autumn, and was soon dark at night. At last I worked myself into such a state of alarm that I felt I durst not sleep in the house alone. In the afternoon I determined to send for a friend of John's, who kept a grocery in the village, and was supposed to be very well to do. My husband used often to go and smoke a pipe with him, and he also would come to our house occasionally. He was about the only friend that my husband had made during our stay in Leigh. I sent for him, and in about half an hour he came down to our cottage. I told him about my husband receiving the money, and having to leave home to arrange about a business, and of my fear of staying in the house alone, and asked him if he would be good enough to come and sit with me till morning.

He laughed and said: "Why, Missus, what have you got to be afraid of? There's nobody in the village knows aught about your husband having this money, and if they did, I don't think there's anybody would hurt you." He went on to say that he would have been very glad to come, but he had got some bills to make out during the night, and had got to go to market early in the morning; but as he could not come himself he would bring me his big dog and leave it during the night, and that it would be as great a protection to me as the best man that ever lived.

About dusk, just as I was having my tea, my husband's friend came and brought the dog, the same old fellow who is lying so snugly by the fire now. He was not an old dog then, for it's nearly ten years since that night. "Now, Missus," said the grocery-keeper, "you lock all up safe, and Ned will take care of you. I will come and fetch him when I come back from market to-morrow." Telling the dog to lie down, and wishing me good-night, our friend left me. I fastened up the doors and windows. I was not fond of dogs then, and I was almost as frightened at being left in the house with that great, rough dog as I had been at the thought of being alone.

Presently Ned left his corner and came up to me wagging his bushy tail, and we soon became friends. By ten o'clock I felt quite brave, having the dog by my side. I had made up my mind at first to sit up all night, but I began to think how foolish I was, and after giving Ned a good supper, I went to bed, leaving the dog down stairs.

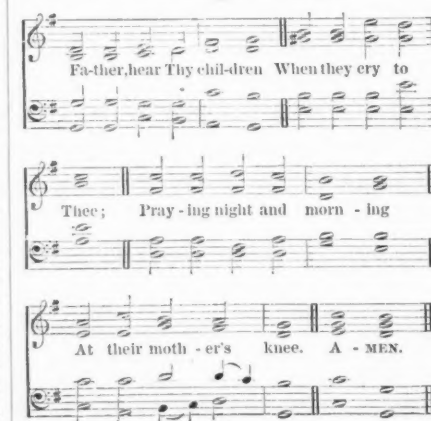
I never knew how long I slept that night. My sleep was disturbed with all kinds of frightful dreams, and at last I awoke with a start. I listened for a minute, and then heard a low growl from the dog. This was followed by a peculiar grating noise, like the sound from a file or saw, the dog still keeping up his low growl. I felt sure that some one was trying to get into the house either through the back door or the window. My terror was so great that I could not stir or speak.

Whilst lying in an agony of suspense I thought I heard a voice whisper, "Lie down, Ned." In another minute there was the noise of broken glass, and the sound as if of a man jumping on to the floor. I heard the dog bound forward. A moment afterwards there was a frightful struggle accompanied with low curses of a deep voice, and then the sound like the upsetting of a table. The struggle continued for what to me appeared ages, then all was silent except a low moaning, which gradually grew fainter and fainter, until all was still.

Never shall I forget the agony of that fearful night. At last the gray dawn broke, but it was broad daylight before I durst venture out of bed. I shouted from my bedroom window until I drew the attention of some men who were working in the fields hard by. They came at once in answer to my cries, and when I heard them in the house, I mustered courage enough to go down stairs.

There, lying on the floor, was the mangled body of the store-keeper, who had been worried by his own dog in his attempt to enter the house. No doubt he thought that the dog would recognize him, and that he could easily get the money. To avoid detection he might possibly have murdered me.

Ohio Farmer.



FOR OUR READERS.

To give our readers a little idea of what our daily mail is, we would say that in this morning's mail (March 20th) we received nearly two hundred newspapers and magazines.

Always keep your dogs and cats nights where they will not disturb the sleep of your neighbors and so come in danger of being poisoned.

LOVE OF HIS MASTER.

During General Forrest's brilliant and memorable movement in the American Civil War against the flank and rear of Colonel Coburn's regiment at the battle of Thompson's Station, Tennessee, he was mounted on his favorite horse, Roderick, says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Desiring to press the enemy from a strong position across an open field, he appeared upon the flank of one of his regiments and ordered it to move up. The men leaped to their feet and with loud cheers dashed forward under a hot fire. The general, attended by his son, Lieutenant William Forrest, accompanied the charge, and, in the conflict which resulted in the overthrow of the enemy, Roderick was wounded in three places. The general dismounted and changed horses with his son, charging him to lead Roderick to the rear and have his wants well attended to. On reaching the hostlers Lieutenant Forrest had the horse stripped of saddle and bridle, supposing that he was too badly wounded to attempt to get out of the way. But Roderick, as soon as he was set at liberty, began to nose around, evidently in search of his master, and when General Forrest's voice, clear and unmistakable, was heard in the distance directing another attack, Roderick instantly pricked up his ears and neighing eagerly in answer, dashed away before he could be intercepted, guided by the sound of battle, which at that moment broke out afresh. Lieutenant Forrest, fearing his father's displeasure, immediately mounted, and with several attendants, gave chase, but Roderick outstripped his pursuers, and when found was following quietly at the general's heels, having leaped three fences in his progress, besides getting another wound from which he was bleeding freely. The general was in great wrath over the supposed negligence, but when the case was explained to him he burst into tears and threw his arms about the horse. It was the last time he caressed him, for a little while afterwards the old horse died. *His love for his master had killed him.—Buffalo Horse World.*

(From N. Y. Times, Dec. 12.)

TOPEKA, KAN., Dec. 12.—John Clark, an inmate of the Dodge City Soldiers' Home, was taken seriously ill recently, and last night the doctors pronounced him dead. He was accordingly prepared for burial, and laid out in the room set apart for that purpose.

Early this morning a commotion was heard, and the watchers, rushing into the chamber of death, found Clark sitting up in his coffin and screaming with terror. Stimulants were administered, and he was at once removed from the coffin and returned to his bed.

Clark says that he has no recollection of the period during which he lay seemingly dead, beyond a confused sensation of hunger and a distinct iciness about his feet. He is likely to recover.

DOING NOBLE WORK.

Our Dumb Animals is doing noble work in behalf of the brute creation, as well as humanity generally. It should be found in every household as well as in every school-room throughout the land.—*Delavan (Ill.) Advertiser.*

WE BELIEVE.

We believe with James Russell Lowell that war (generally) is murder—and with General Sherman that war (always) is hell—to horses as well as men, and that nations have no more right than individuals to settle their difficulties by killing each other.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."



IT DOES NOT FOLLOW.

It does not follow that the American people are in any way bound to sustain the decisions of [their chief servant] the President of the United States. The fact that Major McKinley was nominated by one set of politicians and elected in spite of the efforts of another set is no evidence that he is any wiser, better or more judicious than thousands of his fellow-citizens. If he is right it is the duty of the American people to sustain him. If he is wrong, it is the duty of the American people to their country, its honor and future welfare, to veto any and all wrong acts he has done or permitted others to do under his direction. GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our Bands of Mercy in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of over twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

THE CAT.

(From Pets and Animals.)

To-day the domestic cat is found in every country on the globe and can prove a known history of nearly four thousand years.

The cat was a sacred animal in Egypt. The Egyptians built temples and offered sacrifices in honor of the cat, even embalming its body after death. The large number of bronze inscriptions, monuments and cat mummies found give convincing proof of the great veneration in which the cat was held in ancient Egypt. As a pet, the cat is the favorite animal of the nursery, and in fact some quiet, affectionate, purring, useful cat is a valued inmate of nearly every household.

PUSSY HELPS.

(From the Rochester Herald.)

NUNDA, Feb. 19.—For some time past a large maltese cat which appeared to be an outcast, has taken up its abode in the barn on Oscar Willard's premises, which are rented by James Rogers. Mr. Rogers keeps a valuable horse in this barn, and for several weeks he has noticed this large cat was on very friendly terms with the horse. It was a common occurrence when he came to the barn mornings to find the cat perched on the horse's back, sound asleep.

Yesterday morning Mr. Rogers was awakened at an early hour by a noise on the outside of the door, and upon opening it in came the cat. It would not eat a mouthful of anything, and continually pulled at Mr. Rogers' trousers and kept running toward the door. Its strange actions caused Mr. Rogers to go to the barn, headed by the faithful animal. There he found that his horse had been loose in the barn, and, after doing considerable damage, had fallen and become wedged down, and nearly exhausted by efforts to rise. After the horse had been helped to its feet the cat made one leap and was on the horse's back, purring and acting in every way as if satisfied with its noble deed.

"A thousand cruelties can be prevented by kind words and humane education for every one prevented by war." GEO. T. ANGELL.

A young lady calls one of her admirers Hoosac Tunnel, because he is such a bore.

Receipts of the M. S. P. C. A. for February.

Fines and witness fees, \$101.28.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Miss Julia C. Sherman, \$50; Mrs. W. S. Fitz, \$25; Geo. G. Hall, \$25; A friend, \$25; Mrs. Charlotte Woodman, \$25; Miss John M. Welsh, \$25; Miss Ellen Frothingham, \$20; Miss M. Louise Bangs, \$15; Winthrop Smith, \$15; Rev. B. A. Robie, \$3; Mrs. A. L. George, \$1.50.

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Total, \$871.50.

The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$77.50.

Total, \$221.11.

Publications sold, \$260.87.

Total, \$1717.76.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society in February.

Mrs. J. A. Woodward, \$40; Mrs. Sarah Lewis, \$25; H. P. Hamilton, \$25; Mrs. A. L. Barber, \$8.25; Pub. School Pub. Co., \$7.24; A. B. P. Society, \$5.70; Miss Ellen Snow, \$5; Miss L. Freeman Clarke, \$5; Mrs. Sarah M. Wade, \$5.

All others in sums of less than five dollars, \$43.30.

In Sweden a large part of the army is employed in killing dangerous insects, which is much better business than killing human beings.

Our Dumb Animals ought to be read by every man, woman and child. The editor deserves the gratitude of all who prefer peace to war and mercy to brutality. The tendency of the times is to foster the war spirit among the school children of our land, and literature is needed badly to counteract this pernicious influence.

California Home Alliance.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

"We do not know of any other publication so full of things to keep the hearts of the young tender towards all that breathe."—*School Education*, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

FORM OF WILL.

I do hereby give, devise, and bequeath to "The American Humane Education Society," incorporated by special act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of — [or if other property, describe the property.]

To give to "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," use the same words, only substituting its name in place of "The American Humane Education Society."

If there are inheritance or legacy taxes at the time of executing your will, please kindly say [if you so wish] that they are to be paid from the estate.



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